THE TURRET DOOR

It was a beautiful and still evening towar se end of summer, when in the course of my wanderings about the ancient city I entered the miet and solitary close of the grey cathedral. The rooks were gathering in the old elms which stood around. A ruddy light wrapped the great grey towers which rose far up into the great grey towers which rose far up into the crening alr. The sounds of the city from without came fainly and at intervals to the ear as I walked slowly across the close toward the low wide steps which ascended and were lost in the hadow of the noble porch.

On reaching the great door of the cathedral I found it closed. But in the centre of this there was another smaller door which still stood open—and here a party of visitors, to whom I was a stranger, were endeavoring to persuade the ancient verger that the hour was not yet too hate to penuit them to inspect the interior. It so happened that just as I came up they succeeded in overcoming his hesitation, and he turned to lead the way into the building.

The party followed him, and I among them.

Inside, the stillness was profound: the lightest

The party followed him, and I among them.
Inside, the stillness was profound: the lightest softall awoke echoes. The evening light fell, den with the rich and colored gloom of painted indows, on the dark carving of the stalls, on a great tubes of the silent organ, on the serolls with the process of warthe great tubes of the silent organ, on the scrolls of the epitaphs, on the marble images of warriors, priests and kings. The silence of the antique nave, the colored gloom of the painted pane, the sense of antiquity in all the air, impressed their influence upon the mind with even more than customary power. I had had no their motive in entering the cathedral than to include the ordinary curiosity of a stranger-very certainty I anticipated no more than the ordinary incidents of such a vi it. No mortal could have been less prepared for an adventure. How could I dream that a strange, a wildly could have been less prepared for an adventure.

How could I dream that a strange, a wildly

strange experience, was to befall me before I

should stand again without those grey and

ancient wall-?

And yet, so it was.

The truth of this settmordinary story is known

The truth of this extraordinary story is known to many persons, and my veracity may be easily verified. The facts of the case are these:

The party of visitors to which I had joined my-elf had completed, under the guidance of the verger, the customary tour of inspection round the austent fabric, and were now preparing to leave the building. I had fallen for a moment behind the rest in order to examine a line and deeply interesting specimen of antique carving which covered the whole of the wall near which I stood. The great door of the cathedral, where The great door of the cathedral, of the party were now standing, was ide from this spot; but I could hear iers plainly, round the angle of the wall. not visible from this spot, the relative veices plainly, found the angle of the wall, their veices plainly, found the angle of the wall. Aware that I had not much time to linger unless I wished to be locked up all night, I cast a last plane at the rich tracery of the woodwork and prepared relatingly to turn away. Suddenly my eye was caught by a portion of the catving which seemed to stand out of the catving which seemed to stand out

Suddenly my eye was caught by a portion of the carving which scenned to stand out slightly from the rest. I put my hand upon the carved head of the Apostle Peter and pulled it may an added to the action of the ac

the door, but to my surprise it did not 1 pushed harder—harder yet—I exected strength, but the door remained unmov-

A: last, finding all my efforts useless, I en-At last, finding all my efforts necless, I en-deavored to attract the attention of those our-side. I raised my voice and called londly for assistance, at the same time beating a vigorous-tation with my stick against the door. I then pursed and listened, in the expectation of being specific processed. But to my surprise and plane the minutes passed and there was no response.

With a vague terror at heart I renewed my With a vague terror at heart I released his crideavors. I raised a clamor that awoke the choice of the building. But still no veice replied from outside my prison, no hand released the fa-tening of the door. Gradually the contribution forced itself upon my mind that I had delayed too long. While I had been trying to chived too long. While I had been trying to acce open the door by my own efforts, the acty of visitors had left the cathedral, either of visitors had left the case, or perhaps 1 observing my absence, or perhaps is that I had left before them. The had locked up the building and departed was no one within hearing to assist me, construction at this discovery may be construction at this discovery may be construction. which in this dark and narrow prison was which I refused to entertain. Again, again, yet again I harled myself against the berrier, with rage, with fury, with Not until I had exhausted every effort in my power, not until every gleam of hore had vanished from my minn, did I give here had vanished from my mana, or to supplie a property of the and turned away from it to examine more narrows, the place of my imprisement. Nothing now seemed left to me but to ascertain how and tunned away from it to examine in Nothing towly the place of my imprisonment. Nothing now so med left to me but to ascertain how I neight pass the hours with least discomfort. The state of the place in which I was in the my assaults upon the door I had already discovered that the place in which I was inclosed was of very small dimensions. It was, in fact, little more than a recess of deep make in the masonry, not exceeding three feet square, it would neither enable the to lie at full length por to obtain any other relief for my three limbs than by the clauge of one cramped and uneasy posture for another. The floor was of relid payerment. The toof, as I stood erect, just touched my head. The walls like the floor, were of solid stone. Standing close to one of these, and casting my eyes upward, I made a discovery which filled me at first with surprise, and afterward with extreme perplexity.

Disc, and atterward with extreme perplexity.

Between the roof and the wall there was a space of at least four inches. Through this space I became aware of a faint gleam of light yely far above my head. With the object of ascertaining the length of this aperture I became the property of the spectage o the will, keeping my eye upor the crevice. The light did not vanish. I furned the male of the wall and still the light remainer wight. I traversed in succession the four walls of the cell; 10 obetacle obscured the fable gloom. The roof did not touch the wall at a single point of the circuit.

At this unaccountable discovery I was so aled that for some time I refused to credit connect that for some time I refused to credit reference of my own senses. The roof was, all appearance, like Mahomer's coffin, susneded in mid air. I truck it with my stick; sounded beavy, mastve, substantial as the like the maches. Butter neither to the touch, by the propagation incipe, sound which is

it sounded beavy, mastve, snostantial as the wills themselves. But yet neither to the touch, wills themselves. But yet neither to the touch, he will be to the peruliar inging sound which it emitted when struck did it seem of stone. It gave ather the jupes ion of a block of solid hom. But how could his be?

Totally mable to arount for this discovery. I have thered unyselfor the floor of the cell, my back supported zainst one of the walls, and now test against be opposite, and was releved to find that theostare was more tolerable than I expected. Degan to be not without hope that I might inline be able to fall asleep, and se pass a pontion the weary hours before me in ancon-cloness. Little did I know what was to route. Sleep! It was not sleep that was in store r me.

that was in store r me.

Presently a loud d startling sound, seeming a from the of above my head, burst als upon theilence. It was the great of the cathed striking the hour. The lowly fu a deep, solemn and sonor-flut insid of teaching my person, have be expected, in dull, far-off and muffled tenestey fell upon my cars with thirling eleatnessed di linetness, as if they Dere clee at handlt was evident, in fact, that by cell must be sated directly under the clock

my cell must be sted directly under the clock tower. This consien, however, led me no further at the ment.

I sat for a lorime in reflection upon the number of houwhich must elepse before I could expect be set free. The bell had struck the heart six. The cathedral would probably not been in the morning before 9 to 10. I had, before, some fifteen hours at least before me for through as best I might.

How slowly time wanted! At seemingly how intervals thills struck the quarters, one. How slowly time waned: At seemingly long intervals thill struck the quarters, one, two three, four and then in deeper tone the hour itself—And now, when the ringing sound of the laste had died away, the bell of the carillon in to chime. The notes fell on my ears wife same singular and unaccountable distuiss which I had observed in striking of thur. They chimed the even-

ing hymn. Very suddenlstrange thought struck me causing me to my eyes toward the ceiling of my cell, my present position I could last perceive that gleam of light discentible far up throughinterspace between the roof and the wall; the roof itself was buried in the wall; the roof itself was buried in the murant of verces; then were moving in the tower above me.

The purpose which had brought them the c

scarcely formed conjecture of my mind was instantly confirmed. As I had expected, I could no longer stand erect; my head now struck the roof. The whole truth flashed at once across

no longer stand erect; my head now struck the roof. The whole truth flashed at once across my mind. I now saw clearly the explanation of what had before astounded and perplexed me. I saw why the roof did not touch the walls of the inclosure, why it was formed of massive iron.—It was descending.

Yes—descending! During the hour I had reamined seated, the roof had sunk through a space of fully four inches. But this discovery, when now I made it, so far from causing me perplexity, at once revealed to me the whole my-stery of my prison.

The distinctness of sound with which the chiming of the bells reached my ears had already told me that the belfry must be situated directly above my head. I now perceived that what I had taken for a solid heavy roof was in fact the massive and enormous weight of the great clock. I was imprisoned in the bottom of the shaft into which the weight descended. The tonderous block of solid metal was falling at the rate of about four inches an hour, or rather more. In less time than it takes to trace these words, the consequence of this flashed through my mind. In lifteen hours, the worlds would. more. In less time than it takes to trace these words, the consequence of this flashed through my mind. In lifteen hours the weight would descend through a space of five feet. Long before I could expect release, the enormous mass would be upon me, and would crush me help-lessly against the pavement of my prison.

My registions upon making this discovery

lessly against the pavement of my prison.

My sensitions upon making this discovery
I will not attempt to describe. Often—yery
often—in the course of my life, have I had oc
casion to remark the truth of the saying;
"The avenues that lead to death are numerous
and strange." Little did I think how nearly
I was invest to afford an example of its truth.
Yet surely no mortal was ever before the victim of an accident so wildly singular and so full
of horror! There the great weight was above of horror! There the great weight was above me. Slowly, surely, it was creeping downward. And slowly and surely it would still creep down-

And far up in the soft air of sunset the bells The suddenness, the evening hymn.

The suddenness, the unexpectedness of what had happened, had formed no small part of its effect upon my mind. Yet up to this time my adventure, though not such as one would have chosen to undergo, had had nothing in it portensions. tously aluming. It was disagreeable enough, undoubtedly, to be forced against one's will to put up with such a lodging for the night. But what was the discomfort of my situation, had that been the worst it had in store for me,

Compared with the horter of it now?

For many minutes after making this discovery ery I remained motionless, striving varily to realize the most singular yet deadly peril which threatened me. I do not know how long I' was before I so far recovered my faculties as to become capable of thought. At length, rousing myself by an effort to examine whether any way of e-cape lay open to me, I turned my atten tion to the interspace between the weight and the wall; but it was far, very far, too narrow to admit of the passage of my body. Then-te such extremities may desperation drive its victims—I thought of attempting to arrest the great weight by supporting it with my stick as it descended. I might as well have attempted

as it descended. I might as well have attempted to support a falling avalanche.

Then an idea occurred to my mind which brought with it a gleam of hope. I thought it possible that by applying my strength to the weight itself, I might be able to impart to it by slow degrees a swinging motion, like that of a pendulum: and this being continued, might at length bring the ponderous mass in contact with the door, and so barst it open. Raising myself from the fleor of the cell, upon which I had again sunk down, I applied my strength to the weight and by exerting all my energy in a succession of rhythmical impulses I gradually succeeded in imparting to it an almost imperceptible movement. Gradually this increased: perceptible movement. Gradually this increased and but for an unforescen circum-tance the scheme might have been successful. But I presently found that the weight did not hang exactly in the centre of the shalt. The con-e-quence of this was that it struck the wail oppo-site the door before it reached the door itself.

The extent of its swing being that checked, my utmost efforts failed to bring it into contact with the door. The attempt had therefore to be abandoned, and hope again died within me. Hope died within me. And now my sensations were those of extreme horior and dismay. I for the first time felt the certainty of my fate. I for the first time left the certainty of my fate.

A deadly sickness seized me. In a paroxysme of despair I thing myself again apon the floor of my prison, and lay there without motion.

I will not dwell upon the long hours that followed—those hours of mere than mostal agony of mind. It happened that I had lately been reading an account of a traveller who had perished in a quicksand. The time of the accident suking, and the lenely shore was bathed in losy light. The spot where it occurred was well known to ine-and after reading the account I had endeavored, in that unressoring spirit which semerimes leads the mind to dwell on horrors, to realize in fancy the sen-ations of the victim, as inch by inch and lost by foot, in full sight of the tree occan and the glorious sun, the signt of the free ocean and the glorious sun, the tracterious quicksand diew him downward— downward—to bis do m.

What the sensations attending such a death must be I could then but feebly realize. I know

them now.

I know them now. The sensations of those who have steed face to face with death for hours, watching with stating eyes his slow approach, are to me no mystery. But the mind of man has necetially been so ordered that agony prolonged beyond a certain point ends in benumbing the power of feeling. Thus it is that criminals certained to execution often also a soundly and eat with appetite; a fact sheep soundly and eat with appetite; a fact which seems amizing to those who consider how comparatively slight a degree of mental distress comparatively slight a degree of inental distress has power to rob the night of rest and to turn the dair tiest food to poison. They do not re-tect that mental ageny in its extremity ceases to be felt. But thus it is—and thus it was with

I believe also that the air of the shaft must have acted upon me with some stapelying or bowildering it fluence, like that of the vapor which often gathers at the bottom of old wells. The agitation of my mind gradually gave place to a strange feeling of indifference. The peril under which I lay ceased to trouble her, and at

under which I lay ceased to trouble he, and at last no longer occur had my thoughts.

I began instead to be curiously distribed by another circumstakee, very trivial in itself; by a sound, which reached my senses from somewhere in the stillness: a sound low, muffled, throbbing and mysterious, like the beating of tay own blood. Had my mind been clear I could not long have failed to recognize it for what I was. The sound seemed in my ears: but this was merely owing to my position in the shaft. In reality, it was the ticking of the great clock, far above my head.

far above my head.

For hours I sat there, listening mechanically For hours I sat there, listening mechanically, half unconsciously, to this monotonous sound, broken at intervals by the notes of the deeptoned bell. At length, probably owing in great measure to the heavy effect of the air upon me, I must have passed into a sort of stupor, which lasted very long.

When I came to myself I was conscious When I came to myself I was conscious of a very singular sensation. The pitchy durkness was about me, and of course I could see nothing. But, in some unaccountable manner, of which I fear it is impossible for me to convey a notion. I was aware that during my trance the weight had descended a great way, and was now cio e above my body. I could feel, though nothing souched me, the huge and threatening mass brooding over me in the durkness. With a mighty effort—for like a person in a nightmare I seemed to have lost the power of motion—I raised my hand. My expectation was a correct one. My hand struck against the under surface of the weight, as an elevation of less than three one. My hand struck against the under surface of the weight, at an elevation of less than three incless from my face! At last—after an eter-aity of matterable suspense—at last—it touched

It touched me. At first lightly; then with a It touched me. At hist again, then with a perceptible pressure; then with a pressure which grew distressing, in vain I sought relief; in vain I strove to write any body into narrower compass. Slowly, steadily, the mass descended, crushing me against the floor.

The last mainte of my life seemed come. I breathed a prayer to Heaven and resigned mybreathed a prayer to freaven and resigned in-self to die. Suil a space the weight descended; my brain swam; my breathing became difficult; I believe that for some brief seconds I bore apon my fainting form the whole burden of the ponderous mass. The bloof rushed in tor-rents to my bend, I tell that my can es were

leaving me.

Very suddenly the pre-sure correct. I was conscious of a welcome relief. I down in a deep breath, freely. I moved my limbs, and found their liberty no doesnit. The weight was gone?

I raised my hand sort it choombred pace degreed, gusping, to my feet. The wright was already above my head, and it my mailly upalicady above my head.

was evident; they were winding up the clock.

It was not until afterward that I learned what really had occurred. The clock should have been wound up the day before; but the men whose duty it was to do the winding had overlooked their work, and the oversight was not discovered till late at night. Afraid that the clock would run dewn, and that they should be blamed, they had come to the cathedral earlier than usual to rectify the error. Had it not been for their neglect of duty, the weight would not have descended nearly so far as it did toward the bottom of the shaft; while, had their visit been delayed but a little longer, they would assuredly have found the clock already stopped—stopped by a cause which now I shudder to think of. Then—at that moment of relief—I thought of nothing clearly. Giddy, bewildered, recling with a wild sense of deliverance, the prolonged oppression of my soul found vent in a loud, long and ringing cry.

I remember little more, and that confusedly. I have some dim memory of an interval of silence, broken by voices outside my prison; of the sudden opening of the door; of a blinding light; of a group of several forms without. I seem to remember also that there were cries of wonder as I staggered from my narrow lodging and fell fainting into the aums of my deliverers. But these things are to me as the shadows of a dream. The rushing darkness returned upon

But these things are to me as the shadows of a dream. The rushing darkness returned upon me, and for many hours I knew no more.

Such is the story of my strange adventure I greatly doubt whether in all the chapter of accidents in history a stranger can be found. I have already stated that its truth is known to several persons, and that the strict accuracy of my account can be verified by simple inquiry.—(Argosy.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

WHAT IS SAID AND DONE HERE AND

THERE IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD. "On a Sunday afternoon," says the Paris co respondent of The Guardian, of London, "we went down to Chantilly on a rice day. The beauty of the locality in the first place predisposed my friend to look on the scene with indulgence; and the further absence of all rowdiness added to the impression. We mounted the stand; and the first person I saw seated there, with an air of the atmost tranquillity, was the venerable cure of Chantilly, his white locks hanging down on his shoulders club dangling at the button-hale of his soutane. He held out his souff-box to us beneficently, remarking that tes Messieurs, the stewards of the course, had been so had had great pleasure in accepting their politeness. Good easy man, the idea that there could be snything wrong in coming there on a fine Sonday afternoon, to sit and forest, and see the people lie on the grass, or amuse themselves by looking at half a dozen men gallopping on horseback in colored lackets-such a notion gever seeme to enter his mind. We purseives, even with our English prejudices, could hardly feel we were going much astray in such company. But it is certainly fountful whether the worthy core would have been able to feel the same unconsciousness of being in the wrong place at Epsom or Acot, even on a week-day. One itssen which it seems we may learn from French Sunday amusements is to reform our own week -day recreations. I understand that the aspect of French race courses has much changed of late, and that the change is mainly attributable to the presence there of the Lagran rounds, galacters, and pickpockets, who now come over in shoats to these meet-ings. The conquision seems to be, that although one would be sorry to see the French Sunday substituted in toto for the English, much may be learnt from the observances of the former which might improve our own manner of enjoying ourselves, on whatever day of the

The troubles of clerical supplies are revealed by The Eosion Herald, which seems to think that many of them have a pretty hard time of it. Of course those who are good preachers and possess other desirable qualities are in great request. except in cases where they happen to excite the jealousy of the regular pastors; for even the clergy are sometimes human in this respect. In the large cities there is generally some headquarters, the denominational book-store if there be one, where the clerical laborers may be found waiting to be hired. "In comes a stalwart committeeman," says The Heruid with his 'Whom can you send us for Sunday?' Well,
A.' 'No you don't! Had him! Stupider than an ow!" 'No, he's got a squeaky voice?' 'Weil, C.'
oo blaned metaphysical?' 'Well, D.' 'On, No, he's too blagged metaphysical?" he preaches such sentimental mush! No sort of ring to him! Give us somebody who will hold the children while he instructs the thoughtful, and can talk loud enough to make old Deacon Grant hear what he is driv-C and D feet very badly. They are human enough not to like to have what they call profundity styled stupidity ileties a beastly bore, or exquisite sentiment much, if not even rot. True, these private sentiments of the various each waiting minister. But they leak out after a while, and long experience of them, like hope deferred, maketh the heart sick."

and long experience of them, like loops deferred, masking heat least of the heat read the heat read of the heat read the heat read of the heat read the heat read of heat read the heat read the heat read of heat read the heat read the heat read of heat read the heat read of heat read the heat read of heat read the heat read the heat read of heat read the he The Boston Herald draws a rather dark picture of the

flavor of the intellectual and spiritual treat afforded in flavor of the intersection, and springer treat allorded in the Bible study which is the sine que non of the gather-ing. This morning the study of Matthew, fourth chapa wan who seems to be as full of Bible as an egg is of a wan who seems to be as full of Bable as an egg is of meat. Questions were passed forth and back, comments made, explanations and idustrations given in a francing lite. Foundations the questions referred to previous lessions. The programme was quite mixed, as suits Mr. Moody, and we had a definition of the introducess, a criticism of Ton Hughes's 'Mattimes of Christ,' an exposition of the phrase 'Ringdom of heaven,' comparison of the four gaspers, etc., in ruphi succession. The matter, as given by Dr. Brooks, was as follows: Matthew is the geopel of Jesus as King of the Jews; Mark the gospel of Jesus the Obenien One: Luke, the gospel of Jesus, the Son of mant John, the gospel of Jesus, the Son of mant John, the gospel of Jesus, the Son of beats, ruperesting Matthew; the or, the patient, obedient one, as or ling to Mark; the man's face, the son of man diaker; the eagle, the son of Gosl John.

A blue Book is the last place in the world where one think expect to find appreciative testimony in tavor of this on work and yet such testimony actually occurs in the line flesk of the Government of India just published. the line lie of the treverum at of India just published. In a caking of the interamatics it says: "No statistics can live a fair view of all that they have done. The meral tone of their preaching is recognized by hundreds who do not follow them as converts. The resemble who do not follow them as converts. The resemble who do not follow them as converts. The resemble who do not follow them as converts of each the interactions of special control of each the obligations of as and the notives by which intuinan conduct should be recutated. Insensity a higher significant of most conducts is becoming familiar to the people. The covernment of in his cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is had by the benevolent exertions make by the six handred missionaries, whose biametries example and self-denying labers are infusing new vigor into the his of the great populations placed under English ratio.

EXCURSIONS NEAR THE CITY WHERE ONE MAY GO FOR AN AFTERNOON.

PLACES TO PAIRONIZE.

People who rush wildly out of the city on th date when the hot weather should begin, without once looking at the thermometer, act from a variety of reasons, among which fashion is the most powerful. Most of them, however, do it because others do. But there are a few people who are radical enough to believe that the greatest comfort can be obtained by staying in the city, sleeping in the heavy stone buildings with high coilings and wellventilated rooms, surrounded by all the modern conveniences, and taking daily and half daily trips to the many cool and delightful resorts within easy reach of the city when things get too hot. They are so heterodox as to maintain this is more luxurious than sleeping in a stuffy little room in the country or by the seashore, to the music of the mosquito's song, washing in a pint of water, eating an ill-cooked breakfast, and wandering about on the bot sand and shadeless lawn. One who has not given the matter a little thought cannot realize the great number of delightful places that are within the radius of a summer day's journey from New-York. There are a large number of pleasant little trips

which can be taken in an afternoon; a quiet sail or a short run by rail, dinner with the sea breeze or the country air for an appetizer, and a ride home in the tool of the evening. When this sort of thing is talked about to a New-York man, he immediately thinks of Coney Island, or course. Every-body knows how to get to Coney Island, and that it only costs lifty cents for the round trip. Some prefer to go by the boats of the Iron Steambout Company from West I wenty-third-st. or Pier No. 1, North River. Others choose the Long Island Rail road trains and go from Thirty-fourth Street Ferry and Long Island City, or over the Bridge to Brook lyn and the Flatbush ave. station. Still others com-promise matters and sail from Whitehail-st. to Bay Kidge and then take the train for West Brighton or Manhattan Beach. In the matter of cost there is no choice. In the matter of comfort, every fre-quenter of Coney Island has his favorite route. There are many people who have a prejudice against Coney Island. This arises from ignorance of what not to do and where not to go. If one goes by boat the best thing to do is to stay on board and come back by the same boat. If one must go ashore, go to the top of the observation tower and stay there until ready to return. It is a cool place on the hottest of summer days, and from it all the teening hive of West Brighton can be seen while the observer is out of reach of the dust and the two dozen steam organs that play as many

seen while the observer is out of reach of the just and the two dozen steam organs that play as many different tunes at the same time. The best way is, however, to go straight to the Manhattan Hotel, or the Brighton Beach Hotel, dine on the veranda, listen to the excellent music, and come back without stirring from the veranda. This programme may be varied by a view of the fireworks if one cares enough about them to buy a reserved seat at the hotel office, and then wait until the rush is over at the gates. Any one who takes a general admission ticket and struggles with the crowd for a seat, will get heated to a temperature that three days' residence in an ice-house would not reduce to the normal figure.

Another quiet afternoon trip is to Bayside, on the north shore of Long Island. The round trip is diffy-live cents from Long Island City, and a dinner at a good hotel induces just that lazy feeling suited to the enjoyment of the moving panorama of the Sound stretched before one's eyes. The great steamboats going out with their interlacing tracks of foam, and the coasters lazily drifting in make a changing picture that removes all necessity of travelling about for amusement. The Rockaway trains run from the same station and from Flatbush-ave. Fifty cents will buy a round trip ticket to the land of beer and sausages, if sand and innumerable open-air minstrel shows. From the same two stations the Long Beach trains are run. An hour's ride and an eighty cent round trip ticket to the land of beer and sausages, if sand and innumerable open-air minstrel shows. From the same two stations the Long Beach trains are run. An hour's ride and an eighty cent round trip ticket to the land of beer and sausages, if sand and innumerable open-air minstrel shows. From the same two stations the Long Beach trains are run. An hour's ride and an eighty cent round trip ticket to the iand then thermometer never gets any chance at all to rise, however ambitions its brethren of the city may be. An elaborate \$1.50 table d'hote dinner and afte

A trip out to babyion, L. I., and back costs \$2. and takes about an hour and a haif each way. It is a pleasant experience if the voyager has a hospitable friend in one of the many trim little cottages in the place. If the friend is lacking or hotel comforts are preferred, there is the roomy Argyle House with Landlord Haskins despensing the best there is of everything catable. A sail down to sandy Hook and a ride on the rail way that binds down the sandy fringe of the Jersey coast, will take one to the 'emperance resort. Ocean Grove, where the gates are shut on Sunday and the sabbath-breaking malkman has to pass his well-tumped fluid through the hars. Fare for the remoting Fig. \$1.85. A shorter trip along the same line is to stop at the Highlands of Aavesink and climb to the plateau from which the twin lights shine out in the darkness to the belated mariner. Lying on the eige of this glassy shelf one has an anobstructed view over a quadrant of the ocean's surface. In early forty miles in radius. Far down the Jersey coast, and over to Fire Island on the Long Island shore stretches the lield of vision. Sandy Hook Hav and the vessels going in and out of the Narrows are all before him, while at his feet the old drawbridge swings to and fro as steamers and schooners go on their way up the Surewslury River.

One way to see the Hudson by day and by night is to go in the steamer James I. Brett, leaving Canaists. North River, at 11 o'clock. The steamer runs up as far as Cornwall, Kettring She leaves Cornwall at Sociock in the evening. This is the cheapest and in many ways to Manch Chunck by the Lehigh Valley road. A fast train from Certhanitest, at 3:40 o'clock, and of the Manch Chunck by the Lehigh Valley road. A fast train from Certhanitest, at 3:40 o'clock, and of the Manch Chunck by the Lehigh Valley road. A fast train from Certhanitest, at 3:40 o'clock, and of the Manch Chunck by the Lehigh Valley road. A fast train from Certhanitest, at 3:40 o'clock, and of the Manch Chunck by the Lehigh Valley road. A fast train f

CHEAP TRIPS FOR THOSE WHO STAY AT HOME-GOOD

railroads—revel in the mountainous scenery and the unbroken wilderness of this old mining region, and come down Sunday night. Or, if preferable, he can wait till Monday morning, breakfast at the hotel, and still get to his office by a little after 11 o'clock. The regular round trip fare is \$5.65. Excarsions are run every week or two in which the rate is cut to \$2.15.

A trio of equal length in an opposite direction for a Sunday or a week day, is to take the Norwich Line, whose boats leave Pier No. 39 at 5 o'clock in the evening, and go to New-London. When people are sweltering through the hot nights of the city, two blankets are a necessity on the Sound. Once in New-London the day can be spent sailing about its magnificent harbor, dining at the Pequot Hotel with its surrounding city of cottages, or in exploring old Fort Griswold, on Groton Heights, where Arnold's men cut and slashed the Connecticut farmers in the Revolutionary War. If the indefatigable sightseer wants to travel further, there are excursion boats to Watch Hill, Block Island and Shelter Island, thus giving him a choice of watering places in three States. The return boat leaves New-London at midnight and lands the traveller in New-York at 7 o'clock in the sorning, after a well-spent heliday, refreshed and ready for business. The fare is \$1.75 each way. Sometimes excursion tickets are sold at reduced rates.

With all these hastily sketched trips awaiting

With all these hastily sketched trips awaiting him, along with mary others in all possible com-binations, each obtainable at a small expenditure in time and money, it is difficult to see why the New Yorker should not make the home city his base of operations in the summer's search for eLjoyment and a minimum temperature.

ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

PLANS OF ACTORS AND MANAGERS FOR

THE COMING SEASON. Next Friday "Prince Karl," to which on its first production was given but a short lease of life by many of its critics, will see its 100th performance, and if last week's receipts are to be taken as a precedent for the coming week, will play to larger business than at any time during its run. This result, which is not un naturally viewed with much satisfaction by Mr. Mansfield, is due not alone to his skill and artistic work as an actor. He is now for the first time a manager as well the good actor is the bad manager, or else he is the exception which proves it. He has unwearietly looked after his affairs during the daytime with as much care as ne has disposed on his artistic creation at night. The result of this has been that no opportunity of pleasantly bringing his play before the notice of the public has been lost, that several innovations showing the presence of brains in the management have been introduced, and that each week has enabled the young actor to add a comfortable sum to his bank account. Thus Mansield was the first among New-York managers to sweep away the window lithograph and poster nuisance, the first to introduce the custom of handing round ices prettily served between the arts, and the first to indulge in many novel forms of newspaper advertising adapted in some instances from English theatres, in others original to himself. He has gathered together a clever little sompany and his play has undergone a species of evolution which makes it to-day a Deasanter entertainment than at any other time during the season. On Friday night it is proposed to signalize the happy consummation already alluded to by the distribution of souvenirs at once novel and costly. Solid sliver rings bearing in raised letters the name of "Prince Karl" have been specially made, and enclosed in velvet lined boxes will be siven to the audience. At the Saturday matines be siven to the audience. At the Saturday matinee following this performance another form of souvenir will be handed to the ladies plesent. This consists of a pretty little perifolio containing a photographic reproduction of Mr. Mansfield's classic features. It is likely that the season of "Prince Karl" while all on August 15, for though an offer first of \$1,000 and subsequently of double the amount was made to Mr. Gilente for the remaining two weeks of August field by him, he seems to be distinctified to put off the 1 reduction of "Held by the Leemy" even under temptation so strong as this. On September I Mr. Mansfield begins a tour which, hough it lasts some thirty weeks, has in it only three "one night" stands, those terrors of all well-constituted actors.

It seems not improbable that in purchasing "Little Jack Sheppard." Yardley and Stephens's Galety bur lesque, "Nat" Goodwin has unwittingly purchased a pack of hitigation also. It has been announced already that Harry Maon, the manager of Evans and Hoey, open-air minstrel shows. From the same two stations the Long Beach trains are run. An hour's ride and an eighty cent round trip tricket takes one down to this isolated strip of sand, where the ocean thunders sullenly all day on the white sand, and the thermometer never gets any chance at all to rise, however ambitious its brethren of the city may be. An elaborate \$1.50 table d'hotte dinner and afterward the brilliant dance music floating out on the broad veranda, where the guests sit absorbed in the monolight and indigestion, make the weary "transient" forget that he is only lifeen miles from New-York.

An afternoon trip that appeals to the tired New-Yorker is the sail to Glen Island and return. The hours sail up the Sound and back only costs forty cents and the people who frequent the place are much quieter and form a less miss-cllareous collection than those at other similarly well-known resorts. The boats run nearly every hour from the foot of Cortinult-st.

The delights of the new St. George picasure ground are known by everyone familiar with bill-loard literature. Ten cents each way and twenty-five cents admission fee entities any one to gare upon the changing colors of the electric fountails, study the manorama of New-York Bay, listen to the music of Cappa's band and indulge in the usual refreshments with the manager of Lvans and the each straiged. Mr. Goodwin says in writing about it tast it is the best thing of the shading food of Cappa's band and indulge in the usual refreshments with the manager of the state and straiged. Mr. Goodwin says in writing about it tast it is the best thing of the shading find the trained way in the prompt oceaning from the stage and the delights of the new York Bay, listen to the music of Cappa's band and indulge in the usual refreshments with the changing the familiar with bolt-loard interature. The cents each way and twenty five cents admission fee entities any one to gare to the changing the familiar with bolt-loard interature way in the contract of the contract of the c

This dimently, however, was at leasth adjusted. The buriesque will be handsomely put on the stage and the cast will be carefully selected.

Bronzed by some six weeks of Northeastern sun and air, William J. Florence has for the last week pervaded Broadway and his accustomed haunts seem themselves once more now that his genial presence is added. He looks healthier and stouter by a great deal since he started for the Hestigouene with murderous lecimations toward the coy sammou of that region, and he says nimself that he surveys mankind in general and his coming season in particular with gaim equantinity. "I open in Toronic on August 30," said he, "and from thence strike across the continent to Chiffornia, and you will see no across the continent to Ch that he surveys mankind in general and his coming season in particular with gaim equanimity. "I open in Toronts on August 30," said he, "and from theme strike across the continent to Caifornia, and you will see no more of us until March. As far as I can tell, the prospects for the season are fairly good—better. I think than they were this time twelve mouths are. As to plays, I have two novelties of the comely order, each in four acts and each due to double barrelied authorship. One is by Misbourne and folil and its called." The Flutt. I thus good parts both for myself and Mrs. Florence. Mine is that of an elderly male first and bers an Angiomaniacal widow. The post as a complicated one and deals with a misdirected letter which after all, as it turns out, was never sent. Journg the course of the performance I perpetrate a song of a serio-conic description. That of itself ought to bring the people from miles around to hear it. My other play is by George Fawcest those and is B. Vallentine and has not yet been named. My character is that of a man viso is continually assuming a new profession and changing his character accordingly. In order for the wildow whem I marry to obtain possession of her ausband's property she has to cremate his body in accordance with the instructions of his will. It turns out that I as the undertakes have cremated the wrong man and we are all the money. Beatice these two plays we have our old recently, which is by no means worn out. I am considering too, the purchase of a piny by Henry Holland winch I am greatly taken with, though my character is out of the strictly comedy line. It stituted the is no part for Mrs. Florence, and as long as we play together I do not like to leave her out of the bill on any occasion. Bestles, I doubt it it would be an effective play for the road. All, "sighed Mr. Florence in conclusion," if my de cam of years would only came to pass and I could see myself with a little theatre in New York." and he pensively puffed in cagar.

The one hundredth representation of " Erminie " at the Casino will take place on Saturday evening, August 14. So far this operatia has met with greater success than any production ever presented beretolore at the Casino any production ever presented bertofore at the Casino not excepting such popular successes as "Merry War," "Nanon" and "Prince Methusalem." Rudoiph Aronson feels so sanguine tout in "Erminie" he has given the public what they want, that little thought has as yet been given to the hext attraction. On the occasion of the one hundredthe representation of "Erminie" new costumes, new verses for the "Dickey Bird" song and several other novel features are to be introduced for the first time. The souvenirs which will be distributed are to comists of initiations of an imporing legal document having reference to Wilson's favorite expression as to his audity to prove an alici. Attached to the document will be the autograph signatures of all the company.

A week from to-morrow night " Falka " will once more A week from to-morrow night "Faika" will once more occupy the stage of Wallace's, its successful career on which was untimely hipped at the end of a week's run. As has already been stated, arrangements had been made for the transferring of the company to Washington. These arrangements allowed no interference, and though the opera was doing by far the best business of the season it had to be summarily removed. By dint of hard work is, D. Stevens, Mr. McCaulif's representative, managed to arrange for its return at the date mentioned and there is little doubt that it will repeat its former success.

sar lou-he does not sign his name in full. "Victoriet "-a certified inventory of the properties, costames, music, a certified inventory of the properties, costaines, music, designs for the scenery, etc., of his falest great success, "Tacodora." The inventory was made at M. Sardou's request by Felix Duqueami, direct of the Porte Saint Mittin Theatre, Paris, and the articles supplied under Sartou's of section and approval are exact copies of the materiol used in the original production. M. Sardou's his peculiar handwriting, consisting of dots without apparent connection whim or relation to each other, adds to the inventory, after approving it, a mote stating that in the articles supplied "Mademoiselle Olcott is furnished with every article necessary to the production of this play precisely as given at the Porte St. Marke." The production of Theoloral was found to be so expensive that no English manager ventured upon its translation and presentation in London, except as Saradier International and the Particle morphaly played it in the original. Miss Obout will be the first series to attempt the pirt in binging or to present in its complete form this important work of Sardou. Miss Occot will play it for four works at Nable's beginning on September 13.

John Stetson, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has per-

John Sietson, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has perfected an engagement with Henry E. Dixey and his company in "Adonts" for twelve nights and four mathees on their return from Loudon, beginning September 20. Mrs. Langity begins an sugargement as this theatro on October 4, opening in "The Lady of Lyons." Mrs. Langity will be conjugated by Canties Coghlan and a selected company.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

HAVE THEY SEEN STERRINGS
There was an old couple at the Third Street des other day who had been to Plagara Palls and wering foca train to their home in the interior of the They flat felt that they had accomplished a big and were consequently quite clated. They had so takes seats in the waiting-room before the old they are the stranger and said:

and were consequently quite clated. They had convolve takes seats in the waiting-room before the old man rurned to a stranger and asid:

"We've jiet see beek frum Niagry Fails. Fewerful sight, them falls are. Hain's nuthin' like them falls in this hull country."

"Never heard of 'em." cruffly replied the man.

"You don't! Ler" less ma. bet ; that's astemishing!

"Never heard of Niagry Falls!"

"Never. What is it anyhow?"

"N'ny, it's the biggest lot of water you ever saw, fall-img over the awfallest precipice you ever heard of why, it makes folks shiver to look at it."

"Sinnaiar that some of the papers have ever mentioned it."

"Tany haven't Why, them falls has bin there for theusands of years."

"Wasn't it a freshet or a dam broke loose, or semething of that sort!"

of that sort?"

"No, siree! That water keeps a pouring and rearing and humming all the time."

"Must have been some trick about it," carelacely observed the cymic. "If it was a real thing there'd be some excitement about it. You don't drink?"

"Me drink! I'es never drunk a drop in my life"

"Well, it's too bad. Any one who will swindle an o'd man like you ought to be horsewhipped."

"Swindled! Lo you purtend there hain't no Misgry Falls?"

"Swindled! Do you purtend there naint no many; Falls!"

Never heard of any such thing," replied the man as he get up and left.

"Bay, 'Hanner," reflief the old man as he turned to his wife after awhile, "did you hear that?"

"Every word."

"Say, when we git home we'll keep mum until I see Stebbins and feel around and see if there's a Niagry Falls. If we're been fooled we'non't wast to be lafted at; if it's all right we kin do our blowing when it's safe and will count. Don't say Goat Island now Hore's see Falls nor Bridal Vail to no livin' soul until we find out shether that ginger ale flew to our heads, or the shew was all right and weth the money."

that singer ale dew to our Bosis, or the saver right and with the money."

THE LAST MESORT.

Prom The Estition Sell.

"Was there a man over to see you about buving yes place!" asted an old Dakota settler living near Estelline of his son.

"Yes."

Ensters spec'lator!"

"Yes, be was from New-York."

"That's the best place he could come from. Did yes unlead on him!"

"Na."

"Didn't hey! I thought I got you learned how to work it! I s'pose you went like a blame' fool and forgot to tell him bout striking coal when you dug yer celler! Never said a word concernin' the indications of gold and ally sell in the crick or the—"

"Hold on. father, I mentioned all these things, and said there was a copper mice over by the coinfield, and all he'd got to do was to bore for natural gas, and still he wouldn't take it."

"Is tust soi! Glad to know you remembered my teachings, my son. We strike 'e'n that way ence in a while, but still you shouldn't o' let him get away; you orter the vited him to stry to dinner, and then got him out of what cash he had and part of his high-priced jew'iry! I tell you, my son, ye old dan never ha i none of the advantages these New-York speciators had, but he's found an honest man has got to work more'n one scheme of he makes a living. Et you'd played a square game on his, and not worked in more'n a couple of extra sees and three or four jacks, you micht just as well have landed him—I've done it several times in my life!"

and not worked in more'n a couple of extra aces and three or four jacks, you might just as well nave landed him—I've done it several times in my life."

THE INGENIOUS SYARE.

From The Carroll Herald.

The season for snake stories is well advanced, and thus far there has been no lack of thrilling literature on the subject. A correspondent from Jasper fownsity, whe is too modest to sirn his mans, voucaes for a somewhat peculiar phase of ranke character which has falled under his immediate observation this apring. Although contrary to the rule made and provided as to anonymous communications, like Herald, as a concenetious newspaper, draws the line of its objections at snake stories.

The Jasper Township reptile belongs to that class known as bine racers," and its length is four and a half feet. There is a cow in the scrape, too, and her calf, which latter innecent has been the sufferer.

Our authority save that up to the last month the calf, which was running in the pasture with its mother, prospered and waxed fat. Suddenly it began to fall away, and continued on the down grade until it was too weak to follow the row. He could not diving the cause of the treuble, for when the saw was driven up to where the calf was, it attacked the seat of nourishment with the greatest avility. But notwinstanding its apparently healthy ampetite, it kept on losing flesh and strength until the farmer concluded that the cow was robbing lies own obspring by taking the benefit of her own milk. There upon he cancladed to conceal himself and watch the actions of the cow and her treatment of the calf, after from the coil. Now comes the atmace part of the story. By a rapid movement which was despagaged from the test and the tail or the anake was laserted as an authorities. An another is a substitute. As long as he could endure the sight the sunke's attention of the own set lies which was been approached in the health of the sing health of the substitute. As long as he could not we disperse attention to be lettle game of fluesse which was

Down in the woods of the Chickensauca battle fields rainite switzery from one brush-heap to another, and the aquirrels chatter as they look down from their perches at men wantering from point to point in the openings. We were skirting snoderness fill when we heard a gua go off, followed by a series of yells and whoops. Pushing into the woods a few rods we came upon an old darkey seated on a log with one pantier rolled ap. There were four or five tiny streams of bloot running down, and it was plain enough that some scattering shot had struck him.

As we reached him a colored boy about sixteen years old came out of the brush with a light shotgan in his hands, and the old man looked up and said:

"Julius, look heah! You has dun shot your fedder in deleg."

"Yea,"
"Dea you start fur hum an' pick up dat hoe an' mate
dat co'ntiest ache, and de ner' time you go huntin' you
holler off yer mout befo' you shoot off yer gun! Gem'ieu,
good mawnin', an' p.ease 'souse dis leetle disrupsaun." TWO PARROTS.

These birds were called respectively "Joey" and "Dr. Johnson," the latter from bis inordinate love of test. It is related that his vonceroole namesake visited a widow for fourteen years every evening and drank fourteen cups of test without ever proposing to her. My for. Johnson could only manage three tesspoontuls of test, but that was quite as much in proprison to his rise, as his belly was only about as large as that of a thrush, though his long tail-feathers made him look much bigger. Arrived on board the P. and O. s. s. Colaford, I took my birds to my cabin. The next day Mr. Purser, going his rounds, saw the parrots there, and ordered them to the butcher's. Nav. start not, goulle reader, this was not the sizeal for their instant execution, but the butcher has the charge of all animals on board, whether they belong to passengers or to the ship. My poor little birds! I went forward constantly to feed them, and their toy each time at Seeing me astain was quite pathetic. They were not only wore to fiddlestrings, but poor Dr. Johnson wore out his tail with his ceaseless efforts to thrust himself through the bars of his case. Yes: when he retired to the butcher's he owned as handsome biles tail reathers as parrot could wish to possess. When ne left he was a tail-less, drooping creature. The sight of their broken heartedness decided me that matters could not go on thus, so I made friends with the captain and got his permission for them to go back with me to my cabin. They made an extensive tolled in honor of the event! No single feather but what was set in order, though poor Dr. Johnson was the first to speak. He one day whispered "Pretty, pretty, quite distinctly. Then Joey took up his parable, and far outstripped his teacher the room. Ir. Johnson was the first to speak. He one day whispered "Pretty, pretty, quite distinctly. Then Joey took up his parable, and far outstripped his teacher in the art of speaking. He is a most sentimental character, and makes love and kisees in the prettiest way. He have solding, an

BOUDOIR REPLECTIONS, BY A YOUNG LADS OF A "CERTAIN AGE."—It's easier to get your back hair than your hair back.—[Judy.

Water Runs Down

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